

BRADSHAW'S GHOST;

A

P O E M :

OR,

A Dialogue between *John Bradshaw*, Ferry-man *Charon*, *Oliver Cromwell*,
Francis Rauilliack, and *Ignatius Loyola*. 1660.

Bradsh. COME, *Charon*, come — *Char.* VVhat unexpected shade
 Is this that thus imploreh Charon's aid?
Brad. 'Tis I. *Char.* Raven, I know that tōne :
 That durst to boad defructiōn to a Throne :
 Thy guilt's too heavy, and in vain implores
 A Scullers help ; your Lordship should have Oars.
 Lay down your Burthen, then I'll carry you ;
 I cannot waſt *Bradshaw* and a Murtherer too.
 Have you drunk *Lethe* yet that you've forgot
 Nell lately paſſ'd ; ah, he broke my Boat :
 Besides the Foord is ſhallow. *Brad.* Never think
 Of that, your danger then is leſs to ſink.
 'Tis ſtrange, ſhall I water want ? It cannot be :
 I have ſpilt Blood enough to make a Sea.
 By all that's bad, we'll ſwim in o're : then come,
 My Keel shall plow my *Mare Mortuum*.
 Let but the winds be good, and we'll prevail,
 Curses and Sighs ſhall ſwell the labouring Sail.

Char. First, let me know what haſte hath brought thee here :
 Didſt thou ride Poſt upon the * three-leg'd Mare ? * *Tyburn.*
 Or did thy Murthering Soul unto this Foord
 Fly from the point of ſome Revenging Sword ?

Brad. I Murthered not my ſelf ; and none but I
 Durſt attempt that veturous Act, to vie
 VVith Yell for th' Ruff, and double o're again
 The ſeventy ſeven-fold Punishment of Cain.
 My P'ow was my block, and Swans did bring
 My Scarle Soul upon their milky wing.

Char. 'Tis ſtrange ; yea, and unnatural, to ſee
 That ſuch a Rogue ſhould dye, and naturally :
 Sure millions would have Ravifh'd thy Breath,
 But that none durſt attempt that deed but Death.
 For Justice could not be Reveng'd on you,
 Unleſs I could kill Soul and Body too.
 But wh' do you come here ? get you to Hell
 For to Read Lectures unto *Machiavel* :
 Your *Borgia* could do that, and I have Reason
 To keep you back ; *Plato* would think it Treafon,
 You and your Partner ſure will pluck him down,
 Hell is not dark enough to hide his Crown.

Brad. *Charon*, don't fear, I'll warrant we'll agree,
 For Hell and I were ne're at enmity.

Char. Give me your Naulum, then take here this cup
 Of *Lethe*, think 'tis Blood, and ſwift it up. —

Brad. That won't wash Guilt, 'tis as good let it alone !
 And as for Money, I will give you none. —
 I've a Commission, mind from whom I am ſent ;
 You're Ferry-man unto the Parliament. —

Char. Lambert hath ſhut that Door, and as for me,
 You ſhall not enter here without a Fee.
 Should I waſt Round-heads o're for nought, I find,
 Camelion-like, my Sails muſt live by wind.
 Had you the Bifhops Lands, and could not bring
 One Tithe to me ? at leaſt an Oſteſing.
 You ſhall not o're on tick, for pay you muſt ;
 VVhen Infidels do meet, ne're talk of truſt.

Bradsh. There's Six-pence. *Char.* What's the Motto ? *Oliver Cromwell*,
The Common-wealtheſt of England ; *God with us*.
 You VVorſhip Coin, your Golden Calves, I ſee,
 Have got a pretty ſtamp, a Deity.
 But prithee, *Bradshaw*, now thou art come, let's know
 How thou and Pride did chance to fall ſo low.
 You went for Saints on Earth, were it not far
 More fit for you i' th' Heavens to ſhine a Star ?

Brad. My Brother Pride his thoughts on Hell did fix,
 For to brew merry Beer and Ale with *Styx*.
 His Tralſh would not vent there ; the Angels they,
 He thought drank nothing but *Ambroſia* :
 And ſomewhat elſe beſides increas'd his Fears,
 There was a grudge betwixt him and the Bears.
 And *Charon*, as to me your Questions are
 Moſt Fooliſh ; know you not that *Charles* is there ?
 To drive black *Pluto*'s Coach I'de rather dain,
 Than to be VVaggoner to *Charles*'s wain.

Char. VVere you out, you ſhou'd ſcarce come in again ?
 This Ferry-boat was never made for Man.
 But you may go 'caufe you're *Nell*'s ſtalking-horſe,
 Rather for Beauf, or ſomething that is worfe.

Brad. More Aſ I ; but I am rid on't I ſuppoſe,
 And ſhall be even with him in ſpight of's Noſe.
 I muſt confeſs my Purple Robes alone
 Did ſerve to make a Foot-stall for his Throne.
 Nought could be done, I ſay't to my Disgrace,
 By's Iron-fides, but for my brazen face !
 I ſcornd to pluck off Hat to Maſteſy.
 Although I made him pluck off his Head to me :
 Though he amazed, it ſturd not me ; his Breath
 Cou'd not move me, although it frightened Death.

My Perjur'd Soul cou'd easily dispence
To cut a way for *Noll* through Innocence.
Yet enter'd not I on the Mine before
I thought my self secure of half the Ore :
I thought my gains were good, the stakes being down;
I quickly made a Foot-ball of the Crown :
But *Noll* trip'd up my heels, that furly Soul;
And I was glad at last I escap'd the Goal.
He got the gain, and lost his Soul and all,
That * *Jose* might sell her Kitchen-stuff at *White-hall*. * *Noll's Wife*.
Here's Land: what Clouds are these? what, does Hell turn
Out all her Lights? 'cause she for me might mourn.
Has *Pluto* Tinder-boxes? *Char.* No. *Brad.* What then?
Hath *Noll* a Nose will light those Flames agen?

Char. Beware, left hood-wink'd thus, you stray go on
Close by *Cotus*, then by *Acheron*.
Cerberus longs to see you, he'll afford
Three Salutations to you in one word.
Fling him a Heart, for there belongs a fee
To the Door-keeper as well as unto me.
Brad. Thanks for this needless Counsel: But ne'r tell
Me that I ere was out of the way to Hell.
Cromwel the Great being Link-boy, sure he knows
The way, if not, we'll follow both his Nose.
Farewel. But now I stray, the darknes is
So great, I shall not find the way to misis:
I ne'r walk'd wrong, though I am ne'r right, for where
So e're I am, Hell properly is there.
But stay, what's that? why should I be afraid
Of what is but the Shadow of a Shade?
Methinks I hear a voice, which crys, stand back:
Why, who art thou? *Riv.* I am *Ravilliack*.
Brad. What empty thing art thou? As for my part,
I am as th' Soul of th' Rump shou'd be a fart
Lately let, you shordly shall have more;
Lambert hath kick'd their Arse-ships out of door.

Rav. Welcom, most Reverend shade; then you art sent
With an Embassage from the Parliament.

Brad. No: for Infernal Aid we always were
Sure to have that as well in Peace as War.
Your Counsel needless was, for we were so evil,
None there but cou'd be Tutor to a Devil.
I'me come to commence Villain, something more;
I did perform my Acts on Earth before:
The World and Hell my Merits know, and to
Be short, *Ravilliack*, I'll take place of you.
Rav. Pardon, bold Shade, if I desire to know
If ever you've deserv'd that place or no.
First, we'll dispute, what do you think of that?
And we'll choose *Pluto* for to moderate.

Brad. Go, Pupil, undergraduate Friend; tush he
That well can Judge, must more than Devil be.
If that we must, let's be try'd by such things
As well do know what 'tis to Murther Kings.
Such shou'd be Judges for us: Ay, such shou'd,
Whose guilty Souls speak nothing under Blood.
Fiends of a double die, such as do scorn
To swear, unless they're sure to be forsworn:
Nor for Secluded Members they are sent,
For Judges we'll have an Old Parliament;
There's Members here enough, why do I stick?
Enough to make a Body Politick.

Rav. Pretry State-Monster, a fine hoddy doddy,
One, as they say, that is more Arse than Body.
Brad. Disdain 'um not, you cannot parallel
Such true false-hearted Devils not in Hell.
There was no Reason for't; though *Lambert* bore
A spight to th' House to turn it out o'th' door:
To me it always seem'd exceeding fit,
What Members, pray you, 'sides the Rump shall sit?
Yet 'cause you stand upon't, I'll ne'r abuse
Your Priviledge: *Ravilliack*, you may chuse.
I and my Partners shall not value you,
With *Machiavel*, and all *Loyola*'s crew:
Farewel, prepare against the Judges Call,
For I must speak a word or two with *Noll*.

(2)

Lye, Swear, Forswear, all this I'll grant to you :
Nay, and your Mental Referrals too.
You shall Condemn your selves, you'll see in fine,
And *Bellarmino* shall confute *Bellarmino*.

Oliver. VVelcom to mourning; welcom, Shade in brief,
You're very welcom to the Joys of Grief.
I pray do you no Letters with you carry?
Nor from soft * *Richard*, nor from simple *Harry*. * 2 of Oliver's Sons.
Me-thinks 'tis very strange, that * *Thurlow*'s grown * Oliver's Str.
So proud, he will not write a word for * *Jon.* * Oliver's Wife.
Poor wretch, her Breeding ne'r taught her a word,
She knew no Character but that o'th' Sword;
Though *Lambert*'s VVife and I to th' cotquean
Did read the Horn-book o're and o're agen.
But waving *Puffe's* Majesty, pray how
Doth Mice and Rats in the House of Commons do?
Their leaving of the Houfe, makes me to think
That the Foundation e're belong will fink.

Brad. My heart is almost broke, you can't believe
How I am vex'd: I made no more to grieve,
Now all things do concur to misery,
All because you and I did disagree.
Fools that we were, to mind we did not call,
Satan divided against himself, must fall.

Oliver. Tush, that is onely Scripture; why, I say
That all the Bible is Apocrypha.

Brad. VVhat if we went for Saints? 'tis all one thing
For to abuse the Scripture and the King.
Nay; our Thanksgivings too were always least,
VVhen such long Graces we had at a Feast,
Before you wou'd kill, you'd have *Peters* Call,
And make your Enemy a Mock-Funeral.
He laughs your Army's Sanctified VVord;
His VVit did lend an edge unto your Sword.
Nay, and the Devil doth on Scripture call,
Then when he would be Devil most of all.

Oliver. 'Tis very true. But prethee let me know
A brief Relation, how all things do go.

Brad. VVhy *Noll*, 'twould make a heart of stone Relent;
A Booth does dare the House of Parliament.
They talk of Kings: Nay, which is worse, I do
Fear all the Nation will turn Honest too.
One true Religion hies unto its Mother;
The Church and Taxes do avert another.
One thing or other makes 'um all to cry
VV'e'll be Apostates to Apostacy.
Things are so bad, they'd all be good, wer't not
For these three Fiends, *Vain*, *Haſterig*, and *Scot*.
Dippers and Quakers they their Lepers be;
All in the Nations Discord do agree.
Vain was Anointed Rogue, though so to do,
VVere for to lose the Oyl and Labour too.
Noll, why were you not King? when you did see
A Pilate was, you well might Herod be.

Oliver. VVhy, I was more; the truth to lay you down,
No Hat but mine ith' Kingdom wore a Crown.
I onely Lords created, truly seeing
Me out of nothing leap into a Being.
I made 'um better than my self, Earls then,
It was below 'um to be Gentlemen.
VVhat odds have Awls and Swords when they go to't?
I vampt the old worn-out *Hewson* Lord to boot.

Brad. You *Hewson*'d it, 'tis twenty now to ten,
But that his Lordship's at his Laſt agen.

Oliver. But heark, now Quakerism begins to down:
Think you that Puritans will put on Lawn?

Brad. No; white is Innocent: nay, I'll tell you what,
The VVhore of *Babylon*'s Smock is made of that.
Peters to try this *Turkish* point, thought meet
A while for to do penance in a sheet.

Oliver. That was a merry Rogue, and truth to tell,
I lik'd his way of Laughing Men to Hell:
Dull heavy looks I like not, I protest,
Except in Quakers, such as are posseſſed.

Brad. Alas, the Times are Honest like to be;
Men must not wear Cloaks for Piety.

Satan will go no more to Church I fear,
If that the Fathion brings up such lewd ware:
To let him have no Pew, it were uncivil;
VWhere Surplices are Jerkins, farewell Devil.

Oliver. In my Time 'twas not so; the Clergy-men
Had not such plenty sure of Linnen then.
The Bishops were so poor, that they, alack,
VVere glad they had a Surplice next their back:
I strip'd their Mother Church, and without jest,
I think that Scotch-cloth fits Religion best;
For pray now, why should not the wear of Cloaks
As well fit John of Styles, as John of Nokes?
As for the honest Scotch, we he's shall want
Their Aid, for they have took the Covenant:
'Gainst all that's good, they are quite Bankrupt now,
They Sold their King and their Religion too.
They against Nature sin, should they be good;
They're born perfidious, and shou'd
They Love Religion, then we needs must all
Confess that Act to be unnatural.
None yet was ever good, till he forgot,
And was ashamed of the Name of Scot.

Brad. The Court is set, I must away, and try
To bear away the Prize of Villany.
I a Sollicitor want, and may go look
For one, unless I chance to meet with *cook*.

Oliver. Go on and prosper; as for th' other, he
Is an honest man, if but compar'd to thee:
If Murther can add merit to thy Praise,
The Elysian Fields can ne'r supply thee Bays.
But why talk I of Bays? I there did Flatter,
Thy Simon's Neck better becomes a Halter.

Brad. Ravilliack, speak, for I will give thee first,
Or any odds, because thy Cause is worst.

Ravilliack's Oration.

Rav. Know then, most Reverend *Loyola*, I do
My self and cause both recommend to you:
VVere I indifferent bad, I'd ne'r engage
Your Devil-ship into my Patronage.
This Hand brought *Harry's* Letter, whose sad date
Ended his days, I was the Post of Fate.
He scarcely Read a Sentence, I did doom
His Life unto a period should come.
I made the *Flower-de-luce* to bleed, and yield
For to be quarter'd in a bloody Field:
I Murther'd *Harry*, whose Auspicious Birth
Prefag'd a League even 'twixt Heaven and Earth:
And what doth aggravate my busineſſ, I
Did kill Religion out of Piety.
I offer'd up that Sacrifice alon',
None else durſt make an Altar of the Throne:
And shall I now be brought in Competition
With *Bradshaw*? Youngest Son unto Perdition.
I bath'd my ſelf all over in the Flood;
He only wash'd his hand in Royal Blood.
He thinks one Action will Surname him Great,
When all my Life was a Religious Cheat:
But talk detracts from deeds. Not *Tully's* wrack
Of words could reach unto Ravilliack.
I'll ſay no more, but keep the place, were it
For nothing but 'cause I am a Jesuit.

Bradshaw's Oration.

Brad. You've ſaid too much, but not enough; go to:
There is not one of th' Rump but's worse than you.
You kill'd the King of *France*, and then all's ſaid;
I King of *France* and *England* Murthered.

(3)

My fault exceeds yours, and more weight doth carry
Than it, by how much *Charles* exceedeth *Harry*:
Yours was Lay-murther. Sacrilege mine. You can't
Like me boast: You a King kill'd, I a Saint.
They me ith' Book of Martyrs will Rememb're,
And as to *Faux*, give a day in November.
Your Murther was Religious; true, and I
Committed too a Pious Villany.
In *Charles* I kill'd the Chūch, that's more than you;
I Sacrific'd the Priest and Temple too:
I made the Cushions Blocks: The Butchers wore
The Sleeves that *Canterbury* had before.
I Capel flew, if they the Saints did track
I flew, they'd muſter up an Almanack:
Their Bloods wou'd add new Rubricks, whilst that they
Blush all the Year into one Holy-day.
Nor ſin'd I ſingly, I made hundreds be
Co-partners with me in that Villany:
I made them ſin, in that I made 'em joyn,
So that I challenge all their Sins as mine.
I did Hell far more Service than you can,
'Twas I that favoured the Puritan:
Nay, I did Love the *Scots* and *Quakers* too,
Ravilliack, *cook* muſt have the place of you.
You'll not be in my clas: Nay, all my pack
Of Hell-hounds are above *Ravilliack*.
Not one of *Charles's* Silver hairs I ſhed,
Invalide but might purchase *Harry's* Head.
And does your Dagger think for to out-brave
My Ax? I kill'd, but yet debar'd a Grave:
So that in hindring *Charles* a Tomb-stone, I
A Monumēnt built to my own Infamy.
I pluck'd his Statue down; what ſhould I have
For my Deferts? I Murthered his Grave:
Nor was I this alone content to do,
I made Cloaks Preach him *Traytor*, *Tyrant* too:
And made 'em ſwear't, I did ſo watch their waters,
All Treafon did commit, except the *Traytors*.
What think you then, that he deserved hath,
That kill'd both the Defender, and the Faith?
Judge all! and if the place you me deny,
Why then you'r worſer Devils all than I.

Loyola's Oration.

Loyola. 'Tis bravely ſaid of both: Nor can I tell,
If this Man, or if that Man do excell:
Degrees are wanting due to both to give,
For they muſt be beyond ſuperlative.
They both are Rogues in grain, both dipt in blood
Of Kings — But yet me-thinks I ſhou'd
Give one the place: It grieves me ſore to ſee
The Rump thus baffle my Society.
Bradshaw did kill a God: My Rogue comes after,
And can amount no higher than Man-slaughter.
The thoughts of *Bradshaw*'s worth doth make me mad,
For's one that hath out-done whatever's bad.
O that I liv'd but again, that I
Might be the Founder of a Rump, and dy!
For their Association ſcorns to be
Companions with my Society.
Learning is needless, they a way have hit,
That makes 'em to be wife beyond all wit.
Like Foxes Tayls (I muſt unto you tell)
One Rump doth far a thousand Heads excell.
They cut Mens throats by Law: Nay, and they do
Make Juſtice guilty of the Murther too.
So when you lay, the King's kill'd, 'tis not meant
By *Bradshaw*, but by my Lord Prefident.
Their Labouring Souls firſt bring forth Mischief, then
They Chriſtn'd after it was cast; ſo when
Rape, Murther, Sacrilege, call'd that Pious Hector
Their God-Son, Butcher *Cromwell*, Lord Protector.

Cowards oth' Rump were Worthies: *Fleetwood* thus
 From's Valour ~~sor~~^gnd'd to be call'd Valourous.
 See what an Act of Parliament can do!
 If they but Vote him Valourous, he is so:
 For though the sniveling Sinner deferv'd banging,
 For he had ne'r the wit to merit hanging.
 Strange Operation of the Rump, the Fool
 The Devil, he's but Clerk to their Close-stool.
 For the Rumpish Members Honour, I think fit
 We Act that Member first of all should sit.
 I like this topsy-turvy, we'll be led
 By *England*, and the Arse shall be the Head:
 And next Thanksgiving-dinner, our *Old Nick*
 Shall feed on Rump, 'twill make him Politick.
 We'll Knight it, if your Judgments be like mine,
 It shall be Sir Rump, we'll have no more Sir Loy.
 They should be welcom all, but that I fear
 They would prescribe new Models to us here:

They merit not this place alone, but well
 Do for themselves deserve another Hell.
 But 'cause here are not all, till th' other please
 To come, let's Entertain and Honour these.
 In the mean time, that *Bradshaw* may Inherit
 Present Possession of his former Merit,
 To him as Rump oth' Rump let us present
 The Chair, for he was still their Fundament.
 If you think fit, all I'de have you do,
 'S to speak your mind then in a word or two.

Applaudunt Omnes.

Because thou'st done so ill, thou hast done well;
Bradshaw, thou art Lord President of Hell.

FINIS.



